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What's the Matter with Literary Scholarship?

By Howard Mumford Jones

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J. P. MARQUAND

"With 'Wickford Point,' it is obvious, our more heavy-browed critics are going to have to get out their pocket research-kits and start 'placing' Mr. Marquand in the field of the American novel . . ." *(See page 5)*

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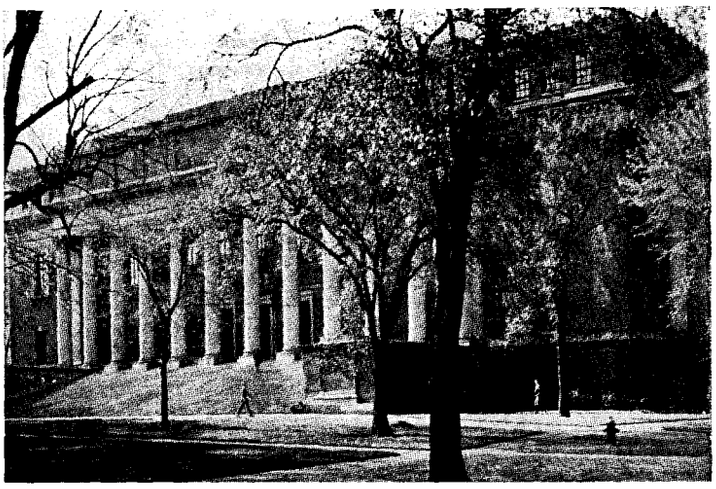
What's the Matter with Literary Scholarship?

BY HOWARD MUMFORD JONES



Widener Library, Harvard University. "The tendency to think that books are born out of books instead of from imaginative experience and the haunting accidents of life is inherent in scholarly thought" . . .

UNDER the caption "What's the Matter with History?" Professor Allan Nevins recently lamented the passing of another thin and disappointing year in American historical writing. In the course of this analysis he remarked that "the most execrable specimens of literary criticism in print can be found in the *Journal of the Modern Language Association.*" More careful scholarship would not have introduced this publication by a title which it does not bear, but I am interested in Mr. Nevins's complaint, because it points to a familiar confusion about the purpose of literary scholarship. Neither the association nor the periodical exists to produce literary criticism; they exist for the furthering of scholarship. Literary criticism is a matter of appraisal which may or may not involve scholarly knowledge; literary scholarship is a problem of intellectual knowledge which may or may not involve criticism. The answer to the question: "What's the matter with literary scholarship?" depends upon the kind of matter that one is looking for.

To justify its existence literary scholarship does not have to produce eminent critics, but it ought to produce eminent scholars. On the whole, it does not. The reasons are complex. Literary scholarship is at the moment suffering from two contradictory ailments: surfeit and exhaustion.

The amount of scholarship publication has now become so vast that the problem of bibliographies, finding lists, and the cheap reproduction of materials is the most pressing practical problem before the scholarly world. Not only are there annual bibliographies designed to cover the general field of the modern languages and literature, but each separate field—the Renaissance, Victorian literature, or the history of English-German literary relationships—has had to set up separate continuing bibliographies, to the preparation of which some scholars have had to give up most of their productive time. On any important topic, author, or book the mass of scholarly material to be read through is disheartening, nor can it be swept aside with a gallant gesture, for the reason that no heap of chaff but contains valuable grain. The consequence is that he who embarks upon even so modest a project as the biography of a secondary author has to spend endless hours assembling a small library of references before he begins the painful process of taking notes. Contrast Dr. Johnson preparing the "Lives of the Poets."

So much for the surfeit. Now for the exhaustion. Until about 1910 literary scholarship in this country was reasonably certain what it was doing and why it was doing it. Following in the footsteps of classical philology and urged on by men trained in the German universities, literary scholarship was then in the broad sense philological. Its primary concern was with language—language as a field of investigation, language in the sense of establishing correct texts, language in the sense of attributing the right works to the right authors on internal evidence. This was the heyday of source-hunting, and the "parallel passage" school of thought was supposed to illuminate the literary imagination. So far as the practitioners of this method could then see, a bright, indefinite future lay before them, for there would always be more texts to edit, more parallel passages to hunt up, more authorial canons to establish.

But dissatisfaction arose. Fields became exhausted (for example, Anglo-Saxon literature now has few textual problems left). It was claimed by younger men that philology in this sense was heavy-handed, wooden-headed, and unenlightened. Dissidents clamored for a greater connection between literature and political, economic, social, or philosophical history, for social backgrounds, for "cultural studies" involving other arts, for the application of psychology to literary problems. As none of the revolutionaries triumphed the chief result of the rebellion has been the disestablishment of the older method and the failure to put any common denominator of opinion in its place. As a result literary scholarship is at once puzzled and bankrupt. It is puzzled because it does not know where it is going, and it is bankrupt because it does not know why it is going there.

There is in mathematics, I am told, what is known as the principle of exhaustion. This is simply a method of continual subdivision, the resultant dividends growing smaller and smaller as they approach a limit. The principle of specialization in literary scholarship is like the principle of exhaustion. One is no longer an authority on modern literature, or even on English literature, or even on the Elizabethan period, or even on the drama of the Elizabethan period. One is known as a Marlowe man or a Webster man or even a "Hamlet" man. In the parlance of the profession So-and-so is then said to be "working" on such and such a defunct author. Perhaps the parallel to specialization in medicine is more exact, except that the literary scholar does not always resuscitate the patient. We are overwhelmed and exhausted by our knowledge.

To be sure, there is the opposite method of accumulation. Given time and space enough, the scholar may accumulate thousands of notes from thousands of sources and produce so encyclopedic a work as E. K. Chambers's "The Elizabethan Stage." Coöperative enterprise is sometimes successful, as will presumably be proved when the definitive text of Chaucer appears at the University of Chi-

Next Week

THE THIBAULTS
By ROGER MARTIN DU GARD
Reviewed by Justin O'Brien

THE YOUNG COSIMA
By HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON
Reviewed by Marcia Davenport

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cago under the editorship of J. M. Manly. Coöperative enterprise, however, is not always successful, as witness the unhappy "Cambridge History of English Literature" in fourteen volumes, some of the chapters by specialists, the rest by George Saintsbury. We have Professor J. L. Lowes's admirable "Road to Xanadu" for proof that individualism can triumph where coöperation fails. But no American scholar or pair of American scholars is apparently capable of producing a work so lucid and sound as the "History of English Literature" by the French *savants*, MM. Legouis and Cazamian.

In the modern languages (I cannot speak for the classics) there is not only an overproduction of scholarship, but an overproduction of scholars producing scholarship. This overproduction arises from the fact that Freshman English and an elementary modern foreign language course are universal requirements in the colleges and universities where the scholar is mainly found. To officer these courses a huge faculty is required—at the University of Illinois, for example, there are more people teaching English alone than there are members of the faculty of many a good freshwater college. These teachers do not wish to labor forever at elementary work, but to rise in the world they must follow Carlyle's injunction and produce, were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a product. Hence the theses—five hundred or so a year; hence the articles in *JEGP, SP, PMLA, ELH, PQ*, and other learned quarterlies.

Literary scholars have, on the whole, been too proud to popularize. Up to about 1910 the better-class magazines were pleased to carry excellent essays on literary history by writers like Brander Matthews, Bliss Perry, George E. Woodberry, and other members of a more cultured and less professionalized generation. You will mainly look in vain for similar articles nowadays. The scholar, no longer desirous of making his basic ideas clear and attractive, loses himself in details. Moreover, when the gods go, the half-gods come in, and such literary material of this sort as now appears (how infrequently!) in the magazines is by amateurs or tendentious critics, whose errors annoy the scholar and confirm him in his belief that he is misunderstood.

On the other hand, scholarship can point with pardonable pride to its textbooks. Both in the modern foreign languages and in English literature the textbook, whether for secondary school or college, is now an attractive, well-edited, informative, and agreeable volume. Scholarship does some of its best writing for its classes, because it is under the obligation to be simple, lucid, and agreeable.

It is, however, a commentary on literary scholarship that the most energizing new element in the profession has come from a professor of philosophy. Now that departments of philosophy have mainly surrendered intellectual leadership in the field of general ideas to the social sciences, literature has become the chief vehicle through which value judgments about ethics, the nature of the man, and the meaning of the cosmos can be generally studied. Professor Arthur O. Lovejoy, who is technically a philosopher, by his insistence on the history of ideas as a common element in the humane subjects, probably offers the program around which the future of literary scholarship will be shaped. The history of ideas is a complex matter, best explained by Professor Lovejoy himself in the introductory chapter of his admirable "Great Chain of Being." Doubtless, like all reforms, it will be pushed to absurdity by enthusiasts, but the theory that the substance of literature is intellectual is so sound as to be tautological; the notion that we inherit a vast complex of value judgments, ethical concepts, preconceptions about men and women, and generalized ideas over and beyond those embalmed in the technical writings of metaphysicians is one of those discoveries so simple and true that it requires genius to make them. The pursuit of intellectual history, while not negating esthetic interests, breaks down the arbitrary distinction between literature and everything else—and it is from this arbitrary distinction that scholarship has been suffering. He who writes the history of ideas is perforce required to synthesize, a solution by necessity of the problem of scholarly writing which may lessen the amount of disparate and atomistic publication now being done.

Samuel Johnson

The *fons et origo malorum* of the weaknesses of literary scholarship are probably the graduate schools. The graduate schools persistently refuse to follow the example of the law schools and the medical colleges, who, by rigidly refusing to admit merely mediocre students, have immensely elevated intellectual standards. In most instances, however, anybody with any sort of a B.A. degree can enter a graduate school somewhere, whether he is qualified for a scholarly career or not. He can also in most instances acquire some sort of a higher degree and in time increase the amount of useless information. Graduate schools are not opposed to brilliance, but they are tender of mediocrity with its white flower of a blameless life, with the result that inertia and the grade of B get hundreds of students so far along the path to the Ph.D. that it is cruel and unusual to cut them off at the last mile from this sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

It is, however, possible to grow too gloomy over literary scholarship. Its state was low in Alexandria; it was low in the Renaissance; it was low in the eighteenth century; and it is low now, if testimony contemporary with these epochs is to be believed. Horace's bore was probably an instructor in English, and Carlyle was not the first to complain of Dryasdust. He who will read a book about an eighteenth-century figure, published, let us say, in 1880, and then read a book about the same figure published in the last ten years, must be struck by the immense increase in pertinent knowledge, the greater insight, and the more liberal and sympathetic interpretation in the newer volume. Scholarship is at least historically minded. The bleak moral judgments passed by Victorian critics and scholars on their predecessors no longer end the matter. We know vastly more about Shakespeare or Balzac or Goethe than our forefathers did, and I think we read them more intelligently. We know more about international literary relations, we know more about the literary and publishing life of the past, we know more, and we realize more keenly, the relativity of critical judgments. We do not, to be sure, know any more about the psychology of the artist, and probably the enduring weakness of scholarship is to forget the man behind the book. The tendency to think that books are born out of books instead of from imaginative experience and the haunting accidents of life is inherent in scholarly thought.

But our chief lack is eminent scholars. By this I refer to the inability of scholarship to stop picking up twigs and look at the tree. I think I reveal no diplomatic secrets when I say that the applications which come to the Guggenheim Foundation or the American Council of Learned Societies for aids to research in the way of money grants or fellowships are too frequently weak, pedantic, and unimaginative. There is little boldness, no broad grasp of the significance of a problem. The scholar needs to write fewer articles for the learned; he needs to plan out and write more books for the use of the cultivated but unprofessional reader. There is no reason in nature why another Leslie Stephen cannot appear to write another history of thought in the eighteenth century, why another Lockhart should not write another "Life of Scott," or why two Frenchmen should produce the only readable history of English literature that is at once solid, informative, and interesting.

Howard Mumford Jones is professor of English at Harvard University, and author of "The Harp That Once—", a biography of Tom Moore.

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New England Lotus-Land

WICKFORD POINT. By John P. Marquand. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. $2.75.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

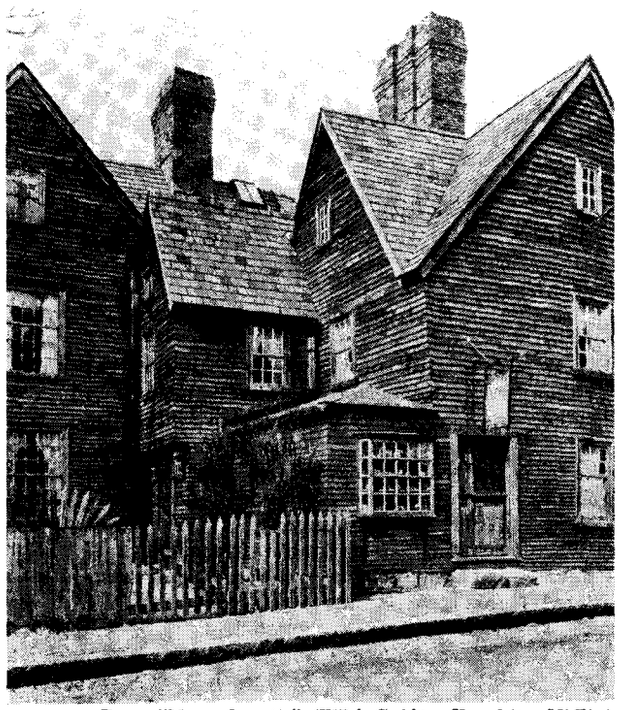
WITH "Wickford Point," it is obvious, our more heavy-browed literary critics are going to have to get out their pocket research-kits and start "placing" Mr. Marquand in the field of the American novel. And some of the rest of us are going to sit back and enjoy the fun. For Mr. Marquand has broken all the rules of the game.

I mean, the rules that are supposed to distinguish commercial from uncommercial writers. For, if you are what is known as a "serious" writer, you may do hackwork on the side. You may even become a best seller or a Nobel Prizeman. That is all according to Hoyle. But, if you start in by making money out of the larger magazines, you must stay in the commercial field and out of American letters under penalty of being hit over the head with a couple of bound volumes of Bronson Alcott. And you are required, by law, to ring your little bell on your way back and forth to your leper-colony, so that all high-minded souls will be warned to get out of your way.

Unfortunately, Mr. Marquand seems never to have heard of these distinctions. He began his career with an entertaining wig-and-rapier romance of colonial America called "The Unspeakable Gentleman." He has written an amusing life of Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport. He has been, for the last dozen years or more, a consistent and successful contributor of popular short stories and serials to the *Saturday Evening Post*. He is the creator of Mr. Moto—and also, of the late George Apley. And now comes "Wickford Point." Hasn't the man any sense of the critical proprieties at all?

The first question that most readers will probably ask is whether "Wickford Point" is "as good as" "The Late George Apley." The answer is that it is a different book. It isn't as good as "The Late George Apley" in the sense that it is neither as direct nor as compact as that beautifully precise dissection of a man, a class, and a way of American life. But it shows—to those who may need showing—that "The Late George Apley" was neither a sport nor an accident but the work of a man who writes of his own themes in his own way and writes of them with a skill, a style, and a sense of acid comedy that may, perhaps, outlast a great deal of admired laboriousness and earnest breast-beating. In other words, here is a novelist—and a real one—with all that that word implies.

"Wickford Point" is the story of a long journey that keeps coming back to its starting-place and of the devastating power of a tradition from which the real life has departed. And the latter is one of the great New England themes—at least, south of the State of Maine. It was so in "The House of Seven Gables"—it is so here. Jim Calder is always trying to do something or think something reasonable about the Brills of Wickford. He explores the past and the present—the pit from whence they were digged and the soft but tenacious clay that they have become. He goes back to Aunt Sarah, who rose at five every morning to read her self-taught Italian and called the pigs her "hairy doves"—to the dire and flatulent verses of John Brill, the Wickford Sage, who was almost a third-rate Alcott in the pale room of transcendentalism—to Great-Grandfather Seabrooke, the determined, active trader who yet fatally began the whole business by buying Wickford Point for his family. He goes forward with the descendants—with Cousin Clothilde, vague, charming, and satisfied with her own inner tranquillity, while her children go to pieces around her—with Harry Brill, who had graduated from Harvard and, having done that, was unable to do anything else; with Sidney, who kept making irrelevant tests of himself for an emergency that never occurred; with discontented Mary and beautiful, neurotic Bella, who wanted everything but ruined anything she had. There were the ancestors and there were the descendants. And the descendants could neither build upon the past nor escape from it. They could none of them go on like this and they knew it and kept saying it and still went on just the same—citizens of a lotus-land where the lotus had dried up long ago and only the languor remained, like a spell in the air.



From "Massachusetts" (WPA Guides: Houghton Mifflin)

The House of Seven Gables: "The devastating power of a tradition from which the real life has departed . . . is one of the great New England themes" . . .

I shall not attempt to describe the plot of Mr. Marquand's story. It is not a novel of plot but the story of the unavailing struggle of a group of characters against the soft fatality of the past. Jim Calder got away from it as much as he could and yet knew that, through life, he would be coming back to it, and to Wickford Point. Joe Stowe, who had been Bella's husband, escaped with wounds and yet with a certain hankering for return. And the end of the book finds Allen Southby, the synthetic Harvard pundit, taking his first genteel steps toward the morass.

This all sounds pretty grim and as if it had been written by William Faulkner. I apologize. You will go along with the story very easily and pleasantly. Some of the scenes—the description of the Wickford Sage—the reading of Allen Southby's dreadful novel—the entire appearance and character of Howard Berg—are written in Mr. Marquand's best vein of ironic comedy. But, for all that, the book is a study in spiritual dry-rot, no less skillful and compelling because it does not drag in the sheeted ghosts and the family curse. And it says a great deal for Mr. Marquand's skill that he has been able to retain the viewpoint of comedy, yet cut so deep.

There are criticisms to be made. I happen to think that Mr. Marquand could cut to advantage, particularly toward the middle of the story. The repetitive pattern, now and then, becomes merely repetitious and there is one reader, at least, who not only didn't like Cousin Clothilde but wasn't convinced of her charm. He is also frank to confess that the whole tangled poison-ivy patch of the Brill connection made him long for a flame-gun, here and there. Nevertheless, this is a notable and original novel, shrewd in characterization, richly quotable, and individual as all get out. I guess it really doesn't matter what a writer does first, as long as he happens to be a writer. And Mr. Marquand happens to be a real one.

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Escape to the West

BITTER CREEK. By James Boyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

JAMES BOYD'S novels are among the best of our time in America and they are by so far the best historical novels that no others seriously challenge their preëminence. From "Drums" to "Roll River," however, they have had a common characteristic that in varying degree moderates one's critical enthusiasm. As a form the historical novel has been depressingly subject to conventions; it has tended to deal in stock types, stock characters, stock situations, stock emotions, stock rhetoric. Part of Mr. Boyd's service to his art has been his splendid destruction of these clichés. He has sliced away convention in great hunks and has so altered the *genre* that, largely as a result of his work, it has become possible to discuss historical fiction simply as fiction, not as a special department of fiction. Yet in spite of this heterodoxy he has strangely clung to portions of that tradition, portions which one would think could be more easily dispensed with than some he has abandoned.

Thus a defect of "Long Hunt," which it would not be absurd to call the best historical novel of our time, is Murfree Rinnard's lifelong romantic adoration of Laurel. Wherever else the Court of Love may be appropriate, it is hard to take in a realistic novel of the trans-Appalachian frontier. Thus, though "Marching On" is, all things considered, the best Civil War novel, its splendid structure rests on a foundation of cliché. Thus in "Roll River" Mr. Boyd cannily converted a weakness into a strength by giving us a group of people living naturally in a society for which romantic conventions had the force of law.

This time, I think, the conventions of the *genre* have tripped him up. He cannot write a bad novel or a dull one, and you will get much pleasure from "Bitter Creek" and you will glow with a familiar admiration of his skill, but the novel is essentially cliché, the least important one that he has written. It is the story of a boy who runs away from a cruel father, is pursued by a villain, goes West, grows up on the cattle range, winters with the Indians, and has tribulations in his marriage. That, certainly, is a stock situation; common enough in life, it is all too common in literature. One would not object to it if Mr. Boyd had employed the convention in the service of reality, as he did in "Marching On." But he has not—the life of the book is only the life of the convention. Ray Talcott's vicissitudes are mostly from the stock room and so are the people he lives with. Given the *a* and *b* of the situation, you could almost triangulate Nolly, the kindly halfwit; Dr. Antelope, the medicine-show itinerant; Springtime, the quintessential cowboy; Sue, the prostitute who loves purely but in vain. Given *a* and *b* and some acquaintance with the tradition of Westerns, you could almost work out Absolute Jones, Greasy Sam, the Professor, and life on the range. Given *a* and *b* and a knowledge of Mr. Boyd's earlier books, you could certainly work out the elopement of Ray's mother, her long silence, and her letter from the grave which remakes everything (though the romantic convention is skillfully glazed with Freud); and you could work out also the relation between Ray and his wife. Mr. Boyd has now, I think, got all he should ever try to get out of the steely male pride that will not simply ask for an explanation of what seems ambiguous, and the sensitive female pride that will not volunteer a simple explanation which would end suspicion.

This is not to say that "Bitter Creek" is not good reading. It is. The brushwork is very fine, as in all Mr. Boyd's novels. If the relationship between Ray and his wife is lifeless, that between Ray and Springtime is true and fine. Absolute Jones's stories are pure gold. Within the limits set by convention, the country and the people live. The narrative has energy, the humor is deft, the nostalgia is genuine, all the smaller details are first-rate. It would be a fine book for someone else to have written. But it has not advanced Mr. Boyd. It lacks stature. It is inside a tradition which he seemed to be increasingly rejecting, which has forced him to do second-rate work here, which will always handicap him unless he repudiates it altogether.

The Tobacco War

NIGHT RIDER. By Robert Penn Warren. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS novel, which is the current winner of the Literary Fellowship awarded by Houghton Mifflin, has for its subject the "Tobacco War" in Kentucky in 1905, when the opposition between a group of tobacco buyers combining to keep down the price, and a combination of growers formed to combat them, led first to the forcible destruction of crops, then to personal violence. One may guess that Mr. Warren has decided to treat this subject because it may be taken to present a moral for our time in the position of a liberal, espousing an admirable cause for altruistic reasons, and led step by step into supporting it by means which he himself regards as unjustifiable.

Robert Penn Warren

Although his book is inordinately long, Mr. Warren never gives a clear statement of the background of the struggle; he merely assumes that the aims of the growers' association were laudable, though their methods were not; an assumption which may very well be true, but which ought not to be taken for granted. And the man whom he has chosen for the role of Brutus is surely as unheroic a choice as could have been made. He is always presented under the colorless appellation of "Mr. Munn," and that vague phrase is almost our only impression of him, since it is a long time before we are permitted to visualize him, and we never get into his mind. Thus he joins the growers, with whom his personal interests are not bound up, not by any process of reasoning that we are allowed to follow, but solely because a more forceful man persuades him. It is a great pity that we cannot feel any interest in the steps by which Mr. Munn is led into crime, since his story ought to be a striking presentation of the other, neglected horn of the liberal's dilemma. We have had half a dozen books recently bent on proving that the liberal brings disaster to himself and his cause if he will not employ violence on behalf of what he believes to be right; but here is a demonstration that it is equally disastrous if he does employ violence. It seems that there is nothing the liberal can do that will not end badly, "when blood is their argument"; but possibly we ought to blame the System and not the liberals.

Another reason, undoubtedly, why the author chose this setting for his problem is that he knows small-town Southerners. Every now and then, for a chapter at a time, we hear country Kentuckians talking, with that unashamed eloquence that marks so much American speech, from Bryan to the village blasphemer. Their page-and-a-half denunciations of a family that is just naturally mean, or their praise of Bourbon, taken straight or with water, are a joy to hear. This talk is enough to show that the author has a genuine talent, if he has not as yet clearly realized its direction.

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Pinchot

Benjamin Appel

People Who Make the Crime Headlines

THE POWER HOUSE. By Benjamin Appel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1939. $2.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

BENJAMIN APPEL is a good writer who knows his subject thoroughly. For all of those college boys who make annual pilgrimages to newspaper offices, digging up material for their theses on graft and political corruption, he has furnished a complete answer, and when the next one drops in to see me, I'll tell him to get this book, read it, and see that it is stocked in the college library.

Appel begins his story (I'd call it a study, but the word makes people wary) by describing a gang of hoodlums on a New York street corner, all members of a club. He leads you to the "brain-guy" who fingers places and people for these young hoodlums to hold up and rob; from there to the crooked policeman and through him to the gambler with a political in higher up.

He shows how one goes about establishing a chain of brothels with political protection, how much the owners and the girls have to pay and why; how girls are frequently sandbagged into the business by phony gambling debts. He takes you part way to the political power house that provides this protection, and from there into the strike racket. If employers of labor could be locked in a room with Appel's book for about three hours, they would find out what suckers they have been for hiring labor spies.

Within the covers of this book you will meet the meanest, the cheapest, the lousiest set of people in the world, and you ought to meet them here in this book—and not in person. They are the people who make crime headlines every day, and Appel rates three cheers for presenting them honestly.

Joseph F. Dinneen is the author of "Ward Eight," a novel of Boston politics.

1000 Reasons, all Good

QUO VADIMUS? OR THE CASE FOR THE BICYCLE. By E. B. White. New York: Harper & Bros. 1939. $2.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

IT is astonishing the number and kinds of people who a few years ago began wondering as to the identity of the author of "The Talk of the Town." They soon discovered (for good news travels, too) that it was "E.B.W.," whose initials appeared sometimes at the end of verses on other pages. The prose, even more than the verse, was marked by a curious felicity, half anguish and half gaiety. It was edged fantasy, and at once whimsical and malign. There was about it an almost neurotic exactness in its observation of the follies and futilities of the town and the age.

People discovered E. B. White for a thousand reasons, all good. The news got out, and E. B. White got out, too, out of New York. He is now in Maine. But he is the same, or better. His prose is still as pinched as ever, and its temper, bland insouciance itself, has echoes and overtones of hurt introspection and cosmic solicitude. He has still an unerring eye (a cliché of which he would never be guilty) for the minor madnesses of the age. He brings as the measure of madness his own genial but inexorable reason. By faint clues and indirections he gives us a moral philosophy, for he asks almost desperately, but always quietly, what the minor madnesses add up to. He asks with a very gay sigh in the very title of this book, "Quo Vadimus?", or as he translates it with higher scrupulousness, "Where the hell are we going?" All the minor madnesses are here, the radio announcing and announcing and announcing softer and smoother food, oil, dentifrices, until the earth, put off its orbit by the disturbance in the air waves, collides with a fixed star and goes up in brilliant flame.

Here is that weird episode, simple yet very frightening, of two men meeting, each in a hurry and each discovering there is no point whatsoever in their respective errands. Here you will find the man whose secretary organizes him into paralysis, and the way to tell a Major Poet from a Minor Poet. Included in these gay and devastating pages is "Dusk in Fierce Pajamas," the coup de grâce to the Good Life as pictured in the advertisements in the fashion magazines. There is a bitter repressed scream at the advertising men themselves and at insurance men; at a "liberal in a lounge car," and at a smug clergyman on a holiday at sea; at people who write on "How to Get Along with Women," and at dentists' professionally cheerful nurses and at specialists who do not take cases above 34th Street, or below the knee.

But there are quiet satisfactions, too, with Mr. Wedge who withdrew from human society, for very small reasons, but added up, good ones; with little Mr. Earp, who suddenly saw through the lecturer with the Key to Life and Success; with the disappearance of the printed word through the arrival of a digest—giving the "Word of the Day." "With the dwindling of reading writing fell off. Forests which had been plundered for newsprint grew tall again; droughts were unheard of, and people dwelt in slow comfort in a green world."

Do you want gaiety? Do you want good prose and higher good sense? Do you want an American humorist who is an American philosopher? I give you E. B. White.

Irwin Edman is the author of "Philosopher's Holiday."

A Modern Love Story

PROMISE OF LOVE. By Mary Renault. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by NORAH HOULT

THE course of true love never did run smoothly in fiction. In the older fashioned novel there were cruel fathers, stolen letters, plots, and stratagems to prevent it doing so; in the modern novel with its careful avoidance of machinery one is sometimes inclined to feel that it is the lovers themselves who are being contrary. It is not easy to dodge this reaction in the case of Miss Renault's story, which is very much concerned with a passionate relationship. Vivian, a hospital probationer in an English town, and her lover, Mic, a young pathologist, experience all the ecstasies: again they may be on the verge of a suicide pact for the reasons that they are tired out by their work and several days may elapse before their next clandestine meeting. Parting for Mic and Vivian is anguish rather than sweet sorrow.

Their Love is certainly spelt with a capital in the good old-fashioned way. They are not like Vivian's much discussed and adored brother, Jan, who insists on belonging only to himself. On the other hand Miss Renault is carefully and conscientiously up-to-date. Even hygiene is not omitted: during the intimate scene of their final reconciliation Mic remembers that the curtains are still drawn, and he must get out of bed to let in the fresh air. To which Vivian responds, "We have never forgotten that." All this is very twentieth century, and if the ending seems conventional, we do not arrive there without a deal of analysis of the whys and wherefores of an emotional change in the characters' relationship.

However if, as may be apparent, this first novel is a "young" book, it has to its credit the characteristic virtues of sincerity and honesty. The hospital scenes have an impressive authenticity, and are something of a relief from the strains and stresses occurring in this notable story of modern love.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The Novelist's Opportunity

SPEAKING not long ago before a gathering of writers, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt called the attention of the novelists among them to the opportunity which was peculiarly theirs to make the various parts of the United States known to one another. The divergences among the sections were, she pointed out, at once great and small, and not until the separate regions had come into understanding of their differences as well as awareness of their likenesses could they be counted on for that unity of purpose which alone could ensure safety to the nation in this world of chaos. It was the novelist's opportunity in particular, she said, because the public that shies away from the economic or political tract can be beguiled through a story into taking their lessons to heart.

There is no doubt that the writer of fiction is already on the road that Mrs. Roosevelt would have him follow. The regional novel has been appearing with increasing frequency of late, moving from the bayous of Louisiana and the hammock land of Florida, or the Iowa farm country and the Ozark mountain section, to the mining districts of Pennsylvania and the lettuce fields of California. Sometimes with pity, sometimes with cheer, sometimes with indignation the novelist has projected his group against its special scene. And there can be no question that he is awaking a consciousness of the complicated sets of problems that confront the country.

But the novelist has an even more difficult function to perform than that of interpreter, for it has devolved upon him to a great extent to be the organ for establishing a scale of social values. In pre-radio, pre-movie, pre-automobile days, when fashions and manners and ideas traveled more slowly than now, a cultural lag developed that left one part of the country clinging to conventions that the other had already outworn. The centers of sophistication, like the large cities of the Atlantic seaboard and the few others throughout the country which approximated to them in wealth and intellectual initiative, were always a lap ahead of the small towns and the rural districts, leaving these latter to preserve standards of taste and judgment that were beginning to crumble in the others. We counted it good that this was so, and in the face of fads and follies believed that the essential America, the America of the thousands of modest-sized towns, of small hamlets, of the farms, was sound at the core. The "back country" was a sort of seine through which new ideas, daring innovations, breaks with tradition and manners, were filtered and purified. There was established a sort of natural system of checks and balances which served as a regulator of values.

The spectacular development of the radio, the movie, the motor car, the widely distributed picture magazine has greatly changed all that. Today there is very little lag. Every part of the country receives its impressions simultaneously with every other, and as a result the modifying influence of social conservatism has been greatly relaxed. Unless some corrective agency can be found, standardized opinions as well as standardized gadgets threaten to engulf the country. Unless our society can see itself in some perspective it runs the risk of a confusion of values. Now, it is the novelist's business to see life in perspective and to distil from experience some pattern for existence. In proportion as his fiction can read meaning into living it takes on value and significance, and in proportion as it can distinguish and discriminate between the lasting and the fugitive, it becomes an active social force. The novelist sees society not as something static; but as the resolution of forces constantly at play upon one another. And just as with the individual he seeks for the explanation of conduct in the hidden springs of personality, so with society he looks beneath the surface for the motives that shape behavior and action. His picture of society is analytic as well as photographic. More than ever now, when the barriers that the hinterland opposed to extravagance of thought and behavior are yielding, the novelist has an opportunity to serve his fellows by portraying the society of which they are a part in just proportions and proper articulation. And his opportunity is his obligation. For, as Mrs. Roosevelt remarked, they will read his story when they will not read the moralist's or the scholar's book.

A. L.

L'Ennuyée

BY MAY LEWIS

NOW to begin again . . . another Friendship!
A long, platonic, involute affair—
My forehead aches; I feel a need for air—
Knowing, minutely well, how it will be!
My warm, acquisitive, intellectual yearning;
Your not robust appeal for sympathy;
Those lengthy explorations of the soul,
While I, with just that drooping, tender touch
Arrange your flowers in a crystal bowl.
You will receive, and treasure, a brief note;
Raptly, antiphonally, we no doubt will quote
Proust or compare the poets—recall a line,
Enraptured that your favorite should be mine;
Or carefully dissect, two chairs apart,
Our delicate reactions to Mozart;
Matching experience with pale examples
Like shaded silks or millinery samples.
I know so very well how it will be!
Exchange of humor—the quick, flinty urge,
And then the deep impinging,
The spiritual unhinging—
We will emerge
With mental, thin antennae
As sticky as the outstretched hand of any
Child after a birthday party.
Oh, let us in the name of heaven be hearty!
Let us be swift and hate,
And separate,
Or forthright,
Throwing down at once the glove,
Let us be frank
And love.

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Letters to the Editor: *Unreadable Poetry; Carolina Governors*

Modern Poetry and All That

SIR:—It gave me much pleasure to read William R. Benét's critical remarks on modern poetry in your March 4th issue. A reader of the best poetry in several languages over a period of years, I heartily agree with everything he said in his admirable article, which I have pasted into my copy of Housman's "The Name and Nature of Poetry."

I hope Mr. Benét's article will be widely read and digested by every poet and editor throughout the country. After all, the editors are largely responsible for what has been imposed on the public in the way of verse. Much of modern poetry, so called, is unreadable, much of it is confused and lacking in rhythm. Robert Frost spoke for a multitude of readers when he said in one of his lectures, "I don't want to be bothered by a poem, I want to be thrilled."

M. K. GRAY.

Hartford, Conn.

"Why Was Lincoln Murdered?"

SIR:—In your issue of February 4th Allan Nevins states that in 1937 and 1938 only one first class, blue-ribbon historical book was produced in this country.

I wish to take exception to this statement. In my opinion Otto Eisenschiml's "Why Was Lincoln Murdered?" meets this specification. Besides blowing the lid off a mystery of history and bringing out more new facts and new approaches than can ordinarily be found in any volume, it has caused an avalanche of literature on the assassination to follow in its wake, all of which more or less leans on the material produced by Eisenschiml's research efforts.

Professor Paul Buck, reviewing the book in your issue of March 27, 1937 said that Eisenschiml's book, "might well result in a wholly new re-examination of the later Civil War and early Reconstruction Period. Eisenschiml takes his place deservedly along with Herndon, Nicolay and Hay, Beveridge and Barton, as an indispensable item in Lincolniana."

In the light of this how can Allan Nevins brush this work aside as unimportant? History could stand some more books that are neither biography nor rehash of well-known facts.

JOHN W. CURRAN.

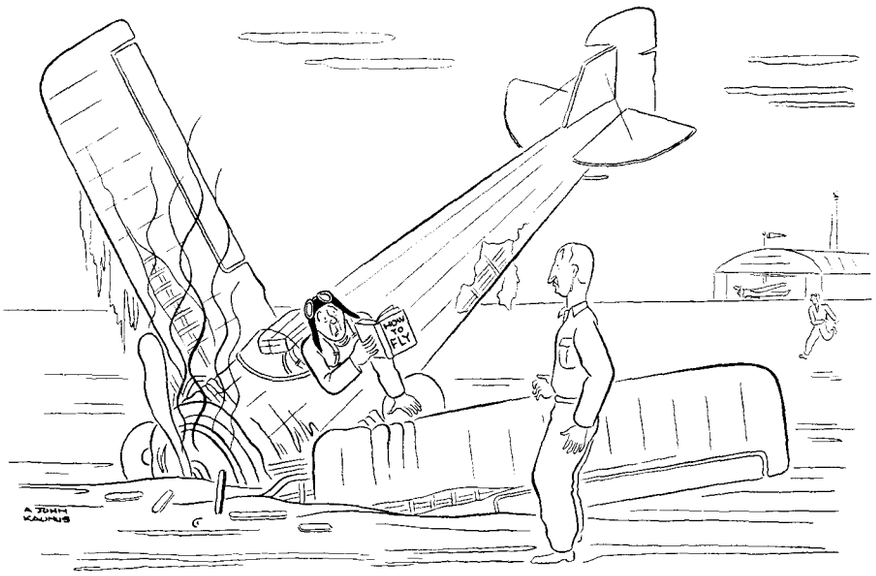
De Paul University,
Chicago, Ill.

Long Time Between Drinks

SIR:—P. E. G. Quercus ought to get our governors straight. Zeb Vance was our Civil War governor, following Governor Swain who became president of the University of North Carolina—the old saying being, " 'Old Bunck' was governor of the state and then they sent him to Chapel Hill to educate him." And the famous remark about the long time between drinks was made to Governor Edward B. Dudley, who was governor from 1839 to 1841. This happened at the old Henry Jones place about nine and a half miles west of Raleigh, and the sideboard on which the bottles stood is still in the Jones family. Mason Pierce Butler was the Governor of South Carolina, and they say one reason the saying became so well known was that the remark was "It's a *damn* long time between drinks," and the butler was shocked and repeated it to his mistress who was a good Methodist lady and properly shocked also. And then back the butler hurried with the drinks.

LUCY M. COBB.

Raleigh, N. C.



"Why don't these books have an index?"

Meringue and Manure

SIR:—I am neither publisher, editor, critic, nor writer. I am a rank outsider. But I am not quite so rank as the reform school of criticism of which Mr. Wallace Stegner [reviewer of "Wind without Rain," *SRL*, February 11] is one graduate. There are others and I hope he will excuse me for lighting the fuse with his match.

I have earned by living in eight countries, in cities large and small, in towns, camps, and in the open country. I have fought frostbite in Wisconsin and perspiration in Rio. I have both tightened my belt and let it out. I have learned one thing.

The man who damns the other fellow's point of view has a point of view himself that isn't worth a damn. It is easy to call names and make faces but when you do it means just one thing to the man who has been around enough to really know how people act. It means there isn't a shot in your locker.

Another thing. Truth is wherever you find it. Manure is no more true than meringue. It has a more noticeable stink so more people get hep to it. Obvious seems to be the literary word for it. Manure is more obvious than meringue. It takes no more skill to spread it. I'll say that, and I have spread both. I have a high opinion of both, too.

As for hasheesh, don't you fool yourself. It will "ratify" your "comfortable superstitions" about manure just as quick as it will those about meringue. It looks as if the manure superstitions of such critics have got them hog-tied so tight they don't need hasheesh. They won't deal in anything but manure. They will even pass up lemon pie. What I want is more of both and better.

Thank you.

MARSHALL CALHOUN.

Madison, Wis.

Holidays and Festivals

SIR:—I am collecting new material for a three- or four-volume anthology on all of the American holidays and festivals. Contributions of poems, articles, essays, epigrams, stories, plays, tableaux, games, exercises, etc., are solicited, and will be carefully considered. Return postage should be enclosed, with authorized permission for reproduction, or address of copyright holder. These volumes will complete and bring down to date my series "Our American Holidays" (18 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co.).

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

299 West 12th St.,
New York City.

André Malraux

SIR:—I am preparing a study on André Malraux and should appreciate receiving from your readers any information they may possess on this writer. Of course I am especially interested in unpublished letters or documents of biographical or literary interest, but even a reference to a published item that may have escaped my attention would be welcome and receive proper credit.

ANTHONY L. ELICONA.

Teachers College,
Columbia University,
New York City.

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Two Women and a Doctor

DR. ADDAMS. By Irving Fineman. New York: Random House. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

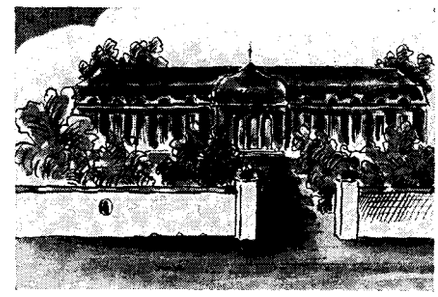
NO one who reads this novel will doubt the publishers' statement that four years were devoted to its writing. In it the author has introduced practically every problem that has contributed to the general confusion of the past decade.

Dr. Addams is no mere doctor. He is an "eminent biophysicist," a researcher, and lecturer in a famous Foundation. But although he is Nobel Prize material, science has endowed him with none of that objectivity with which it supposedly rewards its disciples. As an intellectual he is of course painfully aware of all the besetting social problems, but his primary concern, first and last, is Woman. In the laboratory he concentrates upon the electromotive force of her uterine cells—in so far as his pretty technician and his subconscious will let him. (The subconscious appears throughout the book in italics, which helps quite a lot.) Away from his test tubes the research becomes more personal but no less exacting.

We first meet the eminent scientist in bed beside his weeping wife. It is his birthday, and he is forty-five. For 454 pages thereafter we follow his musings and his arguments with his confrères, in long paragraphs devoted to the physics and chemistry of cells, to Semitism and refugees, to religion and philosophy, to social medicine and the horrid behavior of self-seeking researchers and practitioners; but seldom do we get more than a page removed from the eternally vexing dependence of the male, however evolved, on the body and the spirit of woman.

Dr. Addams's marriage to Louise gave every promise of success. She was intelligent and good looking, and she belonged to the rich Boyer family who made the Foundation possible. But it just didn't go. There were psychological blocks and the pair agree to separate. Then into the laboratory comes the sexually emancipated Irene, a modern hetaera, who shares lavishly her gifts of body and mind with all the men who need her, content to bring them physical happiness and to assist them—with no annoying questions—in their intellectual pursuits. Irene, in short, is the dream-woman who has haunted the adolescent intelligentsia since the days of Sappho. But after a pretty gay whirl, Irene true to her American womanliness, wants to be a wife and mother and chooses a young, rebellious Swede for her marital adventure. The effect of all this is to drive the biophysicist back to his notes on "electro-osmosis for inorganic systems." But now his subconscious is urging him to call Louise, so our inference is that everything turns out happily. The hydrodynamic equation with which the book ends, I have no doubt, is loaded with symbolism, but I'd have to take it to a physicist to be sure.

It is obvious that Mr. Irving Fineman has put an enormous amount of thought and effort to the writing of this novel. But he has tried too hard and used far too many words. Regretfully this reviewer confesses to have found "Dr. Addams" labored, pretentious, and not a little absurd.



From the jacket of "Beware of Pity"

Code of a Gentleman

BEWARE OF PITY. By Stefan Zweig. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

STEFAN ZWEIG'S first novel reveals an expert story teller, a man with as thorough a grasp of the novelist's technique as of the biographer's. This novel of pre-war army life in Austria, of a young officer who took pity on a crippled girl, and out of the weakness of pity involved himself in obligations he could not fulfill, is good reading. Mr. Zweig moves from scene to scene, building up a picture of the army and aristocracy, rigidly hemmed in by convention, that is as interesting as the central dramatic situation. There is a long interlude in the middle, in which the rise of the crippled girl's father from poverty to riches makes an excellent novelette in itself.

"Beware of Pity" is primarily a good story; its material is not substantial enough to make it an "important" novel. The psychology is acutely observed, but the people live on such a small scale of experience that there is not a great deal of psychology to observe. The point that pity is dangerous is incontrovertibly established, but it is not a very far-reaching point. What Zweig actually had to say about life and human nature could have been said in one-third the space, and it would have been more incisive and more memorable. That, however, does not affect the superb readability of this novel, in which the length never gives the effect of padding. In the translation of Phyllis and Trevor Blewitt, the book seems to have been written in English—they manipulate the language with subtlety, sensitivity, and resource.

A Developing Talent

SOME LIKE THEM SHORT. By William March. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

IT is likely that most readers will be unprepared for the store of distinction and brilliance contained in this volume of short stories. After the flurry caused by "Company K," March's work has enjoyed only a quiet celebrity among those who know it. All the more reason, then, why this book should receive the attention it deserves. It is the work of a talented writer who knows his craft and is steadily expanding his powers. Some of these stories, like "A Haircut in Toulouse," "A Memorial to the Slain," and "Geraldette," are clean-cut (that is the exact word, the effect being as of a sharp, careful etching with a precise instrument) exercises in the modern technique of restraint. It is clear that March has learned something from Hemingway, as who has not? But he is far from being a derivative writer. He has something to teach as well, a highly personal quality of emotion, and affirmation. Such a story as "The Listening Post," a centering of the physical and spiritual catastrophe of war upon one lone spot on a shattered field, is told in terms at once passionate and mystical, terms Hemingway has never permitted himself but which only he can successfully dispense with. March has no fear of an expressed emotion. He knows, as in "Nine Prisoners," how to keep it free of sentimentality, while rich in suggestion.

The word "experiment" is written large across these pages; there are few tricks and visions in the short story that are not attempted here. There are two stories each exactly a page and a half long, a length that offers terrific difficulties. The agony column of the London *Times* has been used before, but perhaps never as ironically and tellingly as in the six-page story, "A Short History of England," made up entirely of the column. There are trials at harsh realism and one at a modern straight-faced fable, that do not quite come off. But there is also "The Shoe Drummer," frankly in the later Joycean manner of "Work in Progress," which is remarkably interesting whether it comes off or not, simply a great try. Every one of the stories is alive with active artistic intelligence. They suggest in sum that March's next novel will be something to look out for.

Erratum

The Horace Bibliography, "Quintus Horatius Flaccus," reviewed in our issue of March 4, was credited to the California University Press. We are advised that the University of California printed the book for Mills College; the latter institution is the publisher.

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Wizard of Currency

SCHACHT: HITLER'S MAGICIAN. By Norbert Muhlen. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

AMONG the small group of men who have dominated European history since the war, Dr. Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht is perhaps the least known to the general public. Both his fellow-countrymen and the world at large were familiar with the name of this mysterious genius of finance, but were ignorant of his personality and methods. From the early days of the Weimar Republic, when Dr. Schacht stabilized the mark and participated in the interminable wranglings over reparations, until recent years, when he financed German rearmament in defiance of all the rules of orthodox economics, this financier has retained the respect and fear of bankers and statesmen alike. The very fact that his recent dismissal as President of the Reichsbank was regarded with apprehension throughout the Western world indicates the importance of this power behind the Nazi throne.

What sort of man is this wizard of the currency? How does he accomplish his financial magic? As suggested by its subtitle—"The Life and Loans of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht"—this volume attempts to combine biography with financial history in order to answer both questions. Born of Danish parents who emigrated to America (whence the incongruous middle name of their distinguished son) and later returned to Germany, Dr. Schacht moved from journalism to banking, and from the German Democratic Party to National Socialism. Mr. Muhlen credits his subject not only with the repudiation of reparations and foreign debts, but with manipulation of parties and politicians for advancement of his own career, and unceasing conviction that the ends—Germany's welfare and Schacht's power—justified every means. Dr. Schacht emerges as the sinister money-borrower of the German melodrama.

Even though this study is almost constantly interesting, it hardly illuminates either the magician or his magic. Like Alan Campbell Johnson's recent biography of Anthony Eden, it views the man entirely from the outside, never furnishing any first-hand information about his thoughts and motives. Dr. Schacht remains just as cold, shrewd, and unknown as before. Mr. Muhlen surveys the whole post-war history of German fiscal policy, but really adds little to our knowledge of its fantastic operation. Some day both Dr. Schacht and Nazi finance will receive comprehensive analysis; at present they are only outlined in a shadowy and tantalizing introduction.

James F. Green is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

Picasso and his assistants preparing the scenery for "Parade," 1917

Stein on Picasso

PICASSO. By Gertrude Stein. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by AGNES MONGAN

WHETHER one considers Gertrude Stein and Pablo Picasso as original and important artists or as very clever charlatans, there can be no denial of the fact that, for good or evil, both have powerfully and widely influenced the literary and pictorial productions of our time. When Miss Stein undertakes the interpretation of Picasso's work, as years ago Picasso in his now famous portrait of Miss Stein undertook his interpretation of the writer, the appearance of her essay—its length is a scant fifty pages—becomes at least a minor event in both the literary and artistic worlds.

Her opening shot is dogmatic and extravagant, partisan and prejudiced. "Painting in the nineteenth century was only done in France and by Frenchmen, apart from that, painting did not exist, in the twentieth century it was done in France but by Spaniards." The effect of this statement is to arouse immediate opposition. One reads it two or three times, making mental lists of objections and omissions, wondering just what Miss Stein means by "painting." I am inclined to believe that such reactions were precisely her aim. She wished an aroused, alert, attentive reader. Having jolted him into an active, almost angry attention, she proceeds to further statements of doubtful accuracy. Her own good humor, however, makes itself evident and her tone becomes both friendly and informal. Few of her familiar mannerisms are lacking, but there is more punctuation and less repetition than formerly.

Her enthusiasm is clear and her interpretation occasionally novel. She has little to say about technique, less about composition. Obviously she is more interested in the emotional, psychological, and historical background which brought a painter of Picasso's gigantic productive genius to his varied accomplishment. She is almost preoccupied with the particular and differentiating quality of Spanish genius and the changes in this temperament on foreign soil. She writes occasional nonsense, but more sense, and some wisdom.

For Americans Miss Stein's book should have a special appeal, since she makes the claim that in this century the Spaniards and the Americans have a fundamental understanding of each other. This generalization is supported by the fact that of the sixty reproductions (many in color) which illustrate the book, at least a third of the originals are now in American collections.

The Great Smokies

LAND OF HIGH HORIZONS. By Elizabeth Skaggs Bowman. Kingsport, Tenn.: Southern Publishers. 1939. $2.50.

THIS is one of the numerous books about the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee which have appeared since the national park established there has made their wilderness more accessible. It is the most remarkable wilderness in eastern America, the last stand of the magnificent hardwood forests which once covered the Appalachians, with the highest peaks rising to an altitude where such northern trees as the spruce and the balsam are at home, with magnificent valleys also and perhaps the most beautiful streams in America. Miss Bowman's book is chatty, with a great deal about the mountaineers and the Indians of the Cherokee reservation, but sound in its information, and instructive. It can be recommended for tourists intending to take the great Smoky trip, whether in June when the woods are extraordinarily rich in bloom, or in the autumn when summer lingers far longer than in the North.

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"The Damned Are Doomed"

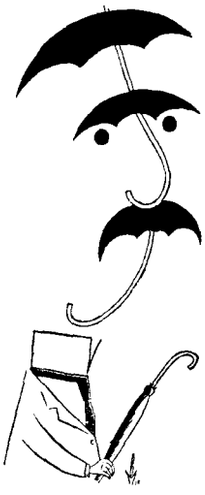
EUROPE ON THE EVE: THE CRISES OF DIPLOMACY, 1933-1939. By Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

NO one can ever accuse Professor Schuman of indulgence in what he himself calls "the opiates of ignorant optimism." To him, as he surveys the European diplomatic scene since Hitler's advent to power, the handwriting on the wall becomes constantly plainer. The almost unbroken line of German and Italian successes culminating in the Czech crisis and the approaching Munich capitulation (1939 edition) are only the inevitable prelude to the collapse of Western liberalism and the cultural arteriosclerosis of European civilization. And—O tragedy incarnate!—the Western powers about to be consumed in the holocaust have themselves accelerated the process by their sacrifice of Ethiopia, Czechoslovakia, and Spain. "To the end and beyond, the damned are doomed to aid their destroyers in bringing faggots to the stake at which they must die."

This is the *leitmotif* of "Europe on the Eve," a review of six years of European history recounted with an unending succession of pungent phrases and a rare flair for the dramatic. Verbose but constantly stimulating, Schuman paints truth in blackest colors and rushes on to the realm of conjecture beyond. He does not feel that war is particularly likely in Europe. In the contest between madmen and paralytics, Britain and France have already been defeated and have lost the ability to resist the trend toward fascism. The Munich settlement was a war scare concocted by conniving statesmen who never intended to fight, but only to terrorize their populations into acceptance of a traitorous surrender. They were concerned to preserve the vested interests of their own monopoly capitalism, particularly against the threatening Soviet plague; and in doing so they have succeeded in destroying peace — except on terms of endless humiliation and blackmail—property, sovereignty, democracy, and cultural vitality as well. If there is any hope for the future of civilization, it rests in the Soviet Union and the United States. But if our country is not to be dragged down in the collapse of the Old World, it must abjure close ties with Britain and France and seek to preserve the democratic way of life by a policy of armed collective security in the Americas.

No mere reviewer, in the brief compass of a review, can sift the evidence on which cosmic assertions like these rest. Suffice it to say that for almost every point in Professor Schuman's case there is a counter-point. The idealist outraged by brute fact often tends to overdraw the prevalence of evil and to exaggerate the malevolence of blundering statesmen. Britain and France are not perfect realms where pure reason and social consciousness reign; that is true. Yet, when these nations are arming to the teeth for eventual resistance to fascist aggression, it is folly to write them off. Nor is the future course of civilization quite so clearly charted, in this reviewer's opinion, as Professor Schuman believes. History is replete with the pronouncements of Cassandras whose grim forebodings never came true.



Caricature from *Nebelspalter*, (Zürich)

The Reign of Norton I

EMPEROR NORTON, THE MAD MONARCH OF AMERICA. By Allen Stanley Lane. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers. 1939. $3.

MR. Lane has written a full and interesting biography of Norton I, Emperor of the United States and protector of Mexico, from his birth in 1818 as the son of English settlers in South Africa to his funeral in 1880, which was attended by San Francisco's leading citizens, and chronicled by its newspapers with the statement: "Le Roi Est Mort." Joshua Abraham Norton's rise to royalty occurred some time after 1856, seven years after his arrival in San Francisco, and was a direct result of his financial failure in attempting to corner the local rice market. A mind always predisposed to eccentricity was completely broken by the ensuing troubles and worries, and gradually embraced a fancy until it became a reality. With utter sincerity, Norton believed in the title he created for himself, and the San Franciscans felt, if he wanted to be an emperor, let him be one. Clothing himself in cast-off army uniforms, he proceeded to issue his own paper money and proclamations, the former honored by San Francisco merchants, the latter tolerated by them. During his twenty-one-year reign, he dissolved the U. S. Government, annexed Mexico, commanded a bridge to be built across the San Francisco Bay, and settled affairs in lands as far remote as Spain and China.

The facts of the Emperor's reign are here set forth more clearly than ever before, but though the data are well assembled, the spirit of the book is not always in keeping with the subject. Mr. Lane falls into some heavy-handed humor, high seriousness, and maudlin sentiment, which tends to rob the documentation of the interest it deserves.

Irish Charm

SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG. MEMORIES OF ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF FINGALL. Told to Pamela Hinkson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1939. $5.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

THIS is the autobiography of a lady who, for fifty years, has charmed the society of Dublin and London, has walked with kings, talked with politicians, sat with regularity at the dinner-tables of the great, and entertained generously at her husband's ancestral castle in County Meath. Throughout all these activities she has kept young, so young indeed that these memories which she now records read like the gossip of a debutante. They are delightfully volatile, they sparkle with an elfin wit, they ramble and digress through a maze of events where the trivial frequently seems more impressive than the important. Their chronology would be maddening if Lady Fingall had not disarmed all criticism by confessing that she has no head for dates. She might also have added that her sense of accuracy was not well-developed, since she slips with easy confidence into errors that any atlas or almanac might have corrected. But such inconsistencies and inaccuracies are an essential part of her nature and this book suffers no more from such flaws than does Lady Fingall's charm itself. It is an innate and unconquerable gaiety that has kept her young, and that now gives to this narrative the kind of wayward happiness that belongs to youth, though perhaps only, in such abundance, to Irish youth.

The socially and politically great have left the largest mark on Lady Fingall's memory. The British Lord Lieutenants and Chief Secretaries who, each in his turn, ruled Dublin have drawn forth many of her brightest recollections. Lords Dudley and Cadogan, Gerald Balfour and George Wyndham, they were among the best that England could provide to fill exceedingly difficult posts, and their portraits as presented here are happy and sympathetic. It is Lord Fingall's kinsman, Sir Horace Plunkett, however, who receives most attention. He was Lady Fingall's lifelong friend and the man whom she admired above all others. Her devotion to him turns many chapters of this book into a peculiarly intimate biography of one of the most remarkable and least selfish of recent Irishmen. One failure of memory is much to be regretted. Lady Fingall has known all the Irish literary celebrities of her time but her recreation of the past makes no room for them. One brief and solemn tribute she pays to A. E.; she alludes in passing to W. B. Yeats, George Moore, Dr. Gogarty, and Lennox Robinson. But what a wealth of anecdote she might have included, had she been willing to find the space by omitting a few of the shooting parties.

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A Nightmare Life

THE MAD QUEEN OF SPAIN. By Michael Prawdin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE children of Ferdinand and Isabella were unlucky. Their brilliant son, Juan, the hope of Spain, died on the threshold of manhood. Their eldest daughter, Isabella, was widowed almost at her wedding and her subsequent life was so unhappy as to justify the popular legend that a curse was on her. Their youngest daughter was Catherine of Aragon. But the strangest, saddest fate was reserved for their third child, Juana. Wedded at seventeen to the heir of Burgundy and Austria, Philip the Handsome, the best match in Europe, she was the mother of six children, of whom the most famous was the Emperor Charles V, ruler of more lands in Europe than any prince since Charlemagne and of fabulous continents in the New World besides. Juana, in whose right the emperor ruled Spain, lived to see her son reap all his glories, almost outlived him indeed, for she died at the ripe old age of seventy-six. Yet her life was a long nightmare. Her marriage to Philip was an unendurable torture of jealousy and intrigue. Her brief public appearances in Spain were always at the vortex of some storm of conspiracy and rebellion. And nearly two-thirds of her long life passed in imprisonment. She is remembered in history as Joanna the Mad.

This is the first full length biography of Joanna to appear in English, and therefore a book of some importance. It is, moreover, a serious and not unscholarly narrative, clearly and briskly written and competently translated, continuously interesting and sometimes exciting, without recourse to the devices of romantic fiction, usually respectful of the facts, and adding to them from the unpublished correspondence of Charles V. If this were a poorer book one would not regret so deeply that it has been distorted by a strained attempt to prove that Joanna was not really mad at all, that she was, instead, the victim of a gigantic conspiracy on the part of her parents, her husband, and her son. Bent on reviving this now discredited theory of some older historians, Mr. Prawdin has softened some of the stories of Joanna's craziness and struggled to disprove or explain away others, he has twisted history this way and that in an effort to find motives for all the people who, if Joanna was really sane, must have been heartless liars, and he has sometimes been less than fair with his readers.

Even on the basis of the facts here presented, few readers are likely to agree that Joanna was fit to rule a kingdom or even to be at large. Her morbid jealousy and suspiciousness, her unpredictable whims, and her aversion to society were certainly abnormal. Her violent, hysterical rages succeeded by long stretches of complete apathy in which she refused to eat or dress or wash or even speak follow a familiar pattern of manic-depressive behavior. It is not inconsistent with such mental disturbances that Joanna had long periods of apparent rationality, and that many people who talked to her were convinced that she was sane. Nor is the evidence that she used to call from her window that she was kept prisoner against her will, exhorting passers-by to kill her guards, evidence of her sanity. Joanna's madness, however, does not lessen the pity or interest of her story.

Professor Mattingly is the editor of "A Supplement to the Calendar of State Papers, Spanish, for the reign of Henry VIII" drawn from the Habsburg archives at Vienna and shortly to be published by the British Stationery Office. He is now at work on a biography of Queen Joanna's sister, Catherine of Aragon.

Lost Treasures of the Indians

APACHE GOLD AND YAQUI SILVER. By J. Frank Dobie. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LAFARGE

MR. DOBIE, who gave us "Coronado's Children" for the delight of rainbow-chasers, returns again to the quest for fabulous gold and silver. This time his interest is not in the prospectors so much as in the great lost mines and treasures of the Southwest, of which he writes with just enough belief, just enough indication that there may be something in it, to tug at the interest of anyone at all susceptible to the dream of a cave full of ingots. Mr. Lea's excellent illustrations fit well with the spirit of the book.

At one time the Spaniards moved freely through all the rugged country from southern Chihuahua to Utah. They found the rich leads and mined them, tapping some of the finest mineral country in the world. Then bit by bit the Apaches and Yaquis turned against them, rose, and drove them out of all but a few central settlements. It was gold and silver that

Drawings by Tom Lea, from "Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver"

brought the white man among them. They had little use for the stuff, but they became determined to keep their destroyer from finding it. Out of that determination arises much of the suspense and mystery of Mr. Dobie's stories.

The matter in itself is romantic and largely legendary, if not mythical. I myself have run across one or two of his stories, applied with almost the same detail to totally different lost treasures and different tribes in the extreme south of Mexico. It was not necessary for him further to fictionalize his material. It is irritating to keep catching the feeling, as one reads along, that the author himself is spoofing. Half the excitement of a book such as this lies in the possible, golden grain of truth in the mass of folk-tales. The more honestly the author sifts for that grain, the more his reader is fascinated. One can never get closer than a good "perhaps" in any case.

Mr. Dobie has more than an expert's knowledge of his subject. He had ridden the deserts and mountains, he has eaten *frijoles*, he appreciates the Mexicans, the cowboy and frontiersman are his by inheritance. His accounts are alive with the space and color of his setting. This is good adventure stuff, an armchair treasure hunt with Apaches lurking behind the pages—which is where one wants them.

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Censorship in Eire

BY HANNAH SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON

AMERICANS, I found, during a recent visit to U. S. A., were much puzzled by the vagaries of our Irish censorship board and its odd manner of behaving. So, when I got back, I gathered up a number of facts concerning it, in the hope of being able to clarify the situation.

Under the British régime, that is, before the setting up of the Free State (now rechristened "Eire," but still covering only twenty-six out of thirty-two counties of Ireland) we came under the British censor's rule as far as books went. We never had in Ireland, by some curious oversight, a censorship of the stage—nor have we one now, though we have a specially appointed Irish censor of films, who in turn may be appealed against to a higher tribunal. Shaw's "Blanco Posnet," banned by the English Lord Chancellor, was proudly produced by the Abbey Theatre. Under the British censorship came Joyce's "Ulysses," for instance, and Radclyffe Hall's "Well of Loneliness"—this was a matter in the domain of morals and therefore a police affair. In Northern Ireland still (that is the Six-County area) this is what prevails and there they show visitors proudly in shop windows books "banned in the Free State." Our Censor Board consists of five men—of whom four are Catholics—two from the National University, one from the Dublin, *i.e.*, T.C.D., with a Catholic clergyman for chairman. It is curious to find the Protestant University (founded by Queen Elizabeth) lending itself to what is virtually a Catholic censorship. The formula governing these censors is to prohibit books "whose general tendency is indecent." Books on sex, dealing with marriage problems or with birth control, are similarly banned, while weeklies like the *New Leader* that merely carry birth control advertisements or even announcements of birth control discussions are also banned.

How are books banned? First, a public informer reports to the Board that a certain book is objectionable. The book has to be purchased by the informer and sent to the Board. But, before it reaches the members, a Civil Servant, immune against corruption presumably, is expected to note and blue pencil certain offending passages. Then the Board has to read and report—probably the members divide up the books for reading, otherwise their task would be too onerous. (The members act in a purely honorary capacity, by the way.) Then a majority decision decides the fate of the book in question, and there is no appeal against their decision. It will be seen that the process is lengthy, slow, and extremely inefficient. The Board is entirely in the hands of these picked persons with a nose for the unpleasant. It often takes two or three years for a book to be pounced on—in many recent cases the volumes had actually been issued in the Penguin 6d. edition before being discovered. ("Fontamara" is a case in point.) It also means that often high-brow books are marked down because a particular "informer" reads these rather than popular novels. A case in point is Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point." Hervey Allen's "Anthony Adverse" was likewise marked down, but later, to complicate matters, the motion picture version successfully passed the film censor, and was shown widely.

We are quite international in our banning; Mikhail Sholokhov's "And Quiet Flows the Don," Stefan Zweig's "Amok," Erskine Caldwell's "American Earth," Sinclair Lewis's "Ann Vickers," Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World," Somerset Maugham's "Cakes and Ale," Colette's "Chéri," Ethel Mannin's "Common Sense and the Child," Mae West's "Constant Sinner," Signe Toksvig's "Eve's Doctor," Francis Hackett's "Green Lion," Vera Brittain's "Honourable Estate," Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms," are a fairly typical list. The unusual, the daring, any criticism of the Catholic Church generally, or of individual clerics, indictment of marriage, sex, hygiene, medical views on birth control, sex education for the young, all these are marked down, Marie Stopes, stock, lock and barrel, and writers like Bertrand Russell ("Marriage and Morals") and Havelock Ellis ("Essays of Love and Virtue") as well as Jules Romains's "Men of Good Will" are lumped together under the absurd formula "in general tendency indecent." Another strange feature is the fact that only *English* versions are banned—you may apparently read with impunity the original German, French, Russian, Spanish, Italian.

Irish writers suffer heavily—Sean O'Faoláin, Liam O'Flaherty, Kate O'Brien, Austin Clarke, have had one or more books censored on a principle that would certainly ban Shakespeare, the Bible, Goethe's "Faust," and Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," were these writers alive today. Dead masterpieces have not come in under the ban, for some unknown reason. Recently more and more American books are being "discovered" by the common informer, as his reading widens—some of these very poor stuff, some masterpieces. And we, the general readers, have usually read any that are worth while long before the ban falls.

Among the most recent books banned are Eric Linklater's "Impregnable Women," Elmer Rice's "Imperial City," Fannie Hurst's "Back Street," Louis Paul's "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," George Schwarz's "Almost Forgotten Germany," "The Way to Happy Marriage" (by a Workaday Mother). About one thousand books have been censored since the setting up of the Board under the Censorship Act, in 1929, nearly ten years ago.

Lately the machinery has, however, slowed down. Of course, there is "book-legging," as A. E. predicted there would be. Most readers belonging to circulating libraries and *au courant* with reviews, have already anticipated the censors and are rarely caught napping. Then, if you have acquired a book before the axe falls, you pass it dutifully on to your friends and go up in their esteem. Or you get it when you are next in London or Belfast or Paris or New York. And there are other ways still of circumventing our Comstocks that I may not tell, lest I, too, play an informer's thankless role. Many are the yarns told of how censors are fooled. After all, we Irish have a long and honorable tradition in law-breaking and law-flouting. For all that, the Censorship Board is a blot on the vaunted freedom Eire has won, an ironic development, illustrating man's proneness to chain up freedom. But the censors answer no criticism and, short of bringing them into court, there would seem to be no way of bringing them to book. And it is highly doubtful that any court in Eire would have the nerve to find their ban unjustified. And so the vicious circle is complete—and only a martyr can break it by openly breaking the law and defying the consequence. We have had many martyrs for many causes in Ireland, but none, so far, for literature.

Hannah Sheehy Skeffington is on the editorial staffs of the Irish Citizen *and the* Dublin Republic.

In the White Navy

SURVIVAL: THROUGH WAR AND REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA. By D. Fedotoff White. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

MR. WHITE, now associated with the Cunard Steamship Company in Philadelphia, served in the Russian navy before and during the war—when he came on a special mission to the United States—and voluntarily returned from England to Siberia to fight in the ranks of Kolchak's White army against the Bolsheviks. Imprisoned by the Reds for his participation in guerrilla warfare, he was eventually released, worked for a while in a government department in Moscow, and in 1921, feeling he could not strike roots in the Soviet state, made his escape into Finland.

Mr. White's memoirs are interesting chiefly for the picture they give of a professional officer, unswervingly loyal to his code of duty and patriotism, and reluctant to yield to the pressure of revolutionary masses in March, 1917, when he was stationed at the port of Reval. The author appears to have had genuine affection for the sailors who served under his orders, and who dramatically came to his aid on his release from a Siberian prison. Nor did he, like so many other White sympathizers, have any illusions regarding the possibility of organizing effective resistance to the Bolsheviks, who drew their strength from the desire of the masses for land, bread, and peace. But he contends that the young officers and university students who, like himself, "bore the brunt of fighting against Trotzki's legions," were united by "the desire to overthrow a government which they did not consider representative of the nation, which was subservient to Germany, and was working against the best interests and the historic national ideals of the country."

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In Defense of Pedants

GERMANY AND THE GREAT POWERS: 1866-1914. *By E. Malcolm Carroll. New York: Prentice-Hall.* 1938. $5.

Reviewed by RAYMOND J. SONTAG

IT is a fact known to all that revolutions are started by renegades. It is equally a commonplace that ruling classes become aware of their own worthlessness before the guillotine is set up. Professors of history have long been aware that no one reads history any more, and that they are largely responsible for this lamentable fact. Therefore it seems very natural that Professor Nevins should declare war on the professors, and that his onslaught should be cheered most lustily by the gentlemen he would liquidate. (*S. R. L.*, February 4.)

While the knife is being sharpened, however, it might be well to ponder: are the prospective victims really worthless aristocrats, or are they the humble laborers who make possible the historical works of insight and imagination which Allan Nevins, and everyone else, wishes to see written? Take this work by Professor Carroll. Surely here is a book which never would be missed: three thousand three hundred footnotes, many times that number of references right in the text, eight hundred pages of newspaper clippings chronologically arranged, with a detailed topical index. For this sort of thing Duke University gave Professor Carroll professional advancement, relief from teaching, financial and clerical assistance. Pedantry! Just the sort of book which "benumbs and paralyzes all interest in history!" Into the tumbril with book and author, too.

There is, however, a case to be made for the defense. Undoubtedly it would not be made by the general reader, who, if not discouraged by the quotation in German on the first page, would soon lose his way among these German newspapers. That is a misfortune, because everyone who is lulled into a sense of security by the knowledge that Germans of 1939 dread war, would do well to ponder the chapter on 1914.

Professor Carroll has not written the great epic of the Second Reich. No one can yet tell that story. Ten years ago we thought foreign policy could be understood if we mastered the great collections of diplomatic correspondence. Sidney Fay and Bernadotte Schmitt performed that great feat, and since then we have had a flood of glosses on their text. These are pretty terrible. A new start has been made by men like William Langer and other scholars who realize that to understand the history of international relations we must go back of the diplomatic documents into social and economic life, into national traditions, into the cultural life of the nations of the world. No one man can master so many and such different kinds of material. Ant work, to use professor's jargon, must precede works of synthesis and imagination. To that essential preliminary work Professor Carroll's book belongs. His years of work, his footnotes, his endless quotations, add up to a book which will be read by few, but these few will include everyone who writes on German history, including the writers in that middle group which Allan Nevins wishes to encourage. The labors of those who aspire to unite "literary and scholarly qualities" will not be eased by liquidating the professors. Rather, to paraphrase Bernard of Chartres, the literary historian sees more and further because he is seated on the shoulders of the men Allan Nevins dismisses as pedants.

Raymond J. Sontag is professor of history at Princeton.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
STRAWSTACK *Dorothy Cameron Disney* (Random House: $2.)	Nurse in Md. home found strangled in burning rick. Young doctor and his sister later succumb. Insp. Chant suspects everybody.	Good characters, breathlessly accelerating "build-up," shivery atmosphere, intricate plot, believable sleuth, and simple but totally unexpected solution.	Brilliant
LONESOME ROAD *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.)	Miss Maud Silver, London "Enquiry agent" who quotes Tennyson to clients, saves two nice girls from violent death.	Numerous attempts at murder and flock of likely suspects keep tension high. Solution not entirely unexpected but bungful of thrills.	Capital
DEATH CHECKS IN *Stephen Ransome* (Crime Club: $2.)	Shot from Manhattan window kills "John Smith" and involves doctors, racketeers, and others. Medico solves it.	Ultra-staccato and extra-gory opus with thrills to burn, a tangled romance, and surprising dénouement.	Hair-raiser
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING MURDERED *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2.)	Testy tycoon poisoned; man shot on golf links; girl drowned. Fleming Stone, guest at swank Mass. club, solves all.	Method of first murder original. Others follow familiar lines. Stone ingenious as ever and all characters talk their heads off.	Vintage Wells
DEATH AND THE MAIDEN *Q. Patrick* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Two co-eds in Eastern college perish. Trant, Beau Brummel sleuth, sets campus hearts aflutter and gets his man.	Shrewdly plotted yarn with almost too cleverly concealed criminal. Alarming skeletons in faculty closets play pungent part in story.	Satisfactory

Old Doc, Young Doc

DOCTOR, HERE'S YOUR HAT! By Joseph A. Jerger, M.D. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1939. $2.75.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

IN the long line of medical autobiographies Dr. Jerger's book rates a high place. His story is that of a young Englishman who was advised by Mark Twain to study medicine in the United States and who, having taken the advice, remained to become assistant to Dr. Fullerton, of Waterloo, Iowa, affectionately referred to as "Old Doc." Under "Old Doc's" tutelage, young doc Jerger learned those things about medicine which cannot be taught in medical schools but without which the general practitioner cannot maintain the instinct necessary to make his practice something more than a dumb-show. It would hardly be proper for a medical school to teach young obstetricians that if a woman cannot give birth to her baby when she should you can make her do so blowing pepper up her nose until she sneezes. In rural medicine, however, Dr. Jerger saw this and many other such successful folk tricks take the place of a more orthodox failure.

It is small wonder that Dr. Jerger should have acquired a distaste for specialists, a distaste which, in its exhibition, is perhaps a little over-severe, but which makes a valuable point. That point is that if the general practitioner is handed his hat by the specialists and disappears from the scene, the profession will find itself handicapped by the rapid degeneration of that intuitive common sense which is the chief ingredient of successful diagnosis.

Quite apart from its thesis, Dr. Jerger's book has that quality which may perhaps be the very thing which has brought about the amazing public response to the current tendency of medical men to express themselves in popular and personal terms. The quality, in Dr. Jerger's case, is a reduction to almost tabloid form of story after story which, at the same time that it has the compelling humanness of sympathetically observed fact, possesses also the vital germ of imaginative fiction.

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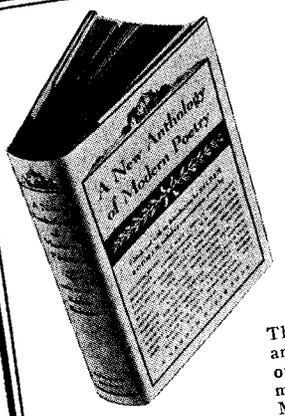

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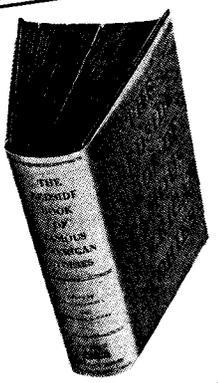

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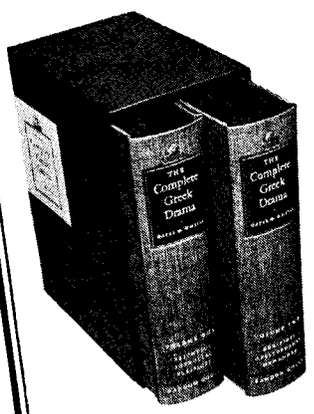

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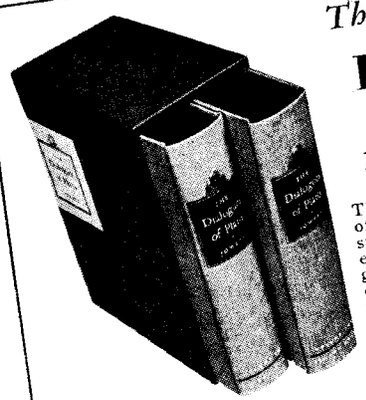

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Precursor of Pareto

THE RULING CLASS. By Gaetano Mosca. Edited and Revised with an Introduction by Arthur Livingston. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1939. $4.50.

Reviewed by ELI GINZBERG

SO complete was the victory of Voltaire and Rousseau that a large Catholic Church in the Latin Quarter of Paris bears the inscription—liberty, equality, fraternity. From the storming of the Bastille to the fall of Barcelona there has persisted, however, a striking contradiction between the ideal of freedom and the reality of restraint, though the contradiction has been assiduously avoided rather than provocatively resolved. Even experts in the mechanics of tyranny like Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin have feared to undertake a frontal attack upon the Declaration of the Rights of Man and, in fact, they have found it expedient to rationalize their every act of murder, economic discrimination, and class stratification as contributing to the more speedy and complete realization of the Declaration.

The centenary of the French Revolution found Western Europe and America under the spell of 1789 and though competition in political philosophies was not unknown, it was a competition severely limited by the omniscience of the doctrine of egalitarianism, a doctrine to which even Pope and Czar had been forced to adjust. Yet as early as 1880 this doctrine aroused the suspicions of Gaetano Mosca, who after spending the next years in confirming them, reached the conclusion that complete egalitarianism was a vulgar faith and nothing more. The proofs he presented in his book "Elementi di Scienza Politica" which was published in 1896. "The Ruling Class" is an excellently edited and fluent translation of the 1923 edition of the "Elementi," enriched by the discerning introduction of Arthur Livingston.

Highly selective, and with a particular neglect of economic forces, Mosca's book can best be described as a sociology of politics. From the ancient Persians, the medieval Arabs, the modern Italians—in fact from the political life of all peoples of all times Mosca selects materials which he enlightens by penetrating insights into individual and group psychology. Especially impressive is Mosca's appreciation of the role of the unconscious. His analysis is surely not scientific but science has no monopoly on the truth.

As the nineteenth century was nearing its close, the first of the revolutionary trilogy—*liberty*—was growing from strength to strength. Yet these victories accompanied by the applause of the multitude and the indulgence of the upper classes worried Mosca, for he feared that marked differences in the traditions, abilities, and status of the citizenry foreshadowed the fact that discussion would deteriorate into propaganda, private aggrandizement would be confused with public welfare, vicious emotions would be rationalized.

The more reasonable were these forebodings when one recalled the mediocre success of the second of the trilogy—*equality*. So slight was the narrowing of the gap between rich and poor in the generations after Danton that there appeared on the scene a new prophet of the slaves, Karl Marx, who preached of salvation after destruction, a potent catalytic for precipitating the hostility of the masses.

In Mosca's opinion, to deny that immense differentials exist or to disregard the evils that flow therefrom is only slightly less reprehensible than to spread the belief abroad that communism could eliminate these differentials without creating worse evils. In marked contrast to the scholastic imbecilities that loom so large in the literature of dissent, Mosca sketched triumphant communism: colossal expansion and ruthless exercise of power to establish political monism; bifurcation of the dictatorial bureaucracy and the proletariat; justification of vicious means by glorification of illusory ends.

Nor did Mosca's insight end here. He foresaw that a revitalized nationalism would probably prove a bulwark against communism, for the appeal to fear, hate, and vengeance could easily deflect the drive for economic equality. But knowing that triumphant nationalism would also produce hell on earth, Mosca pleaded for a refurbishment of democracy.

He hoped that the third of the trilogy—*fraternity*—could be used as a fulcrum for reform. Not that he anticipated the realization of the Encyclopedists' dream of pure democracy, but clearly an impure democracy was greatly to be preferred to its major competitor—totalitarianism. But only if values that transcend class bounds can be established, and only if these values are protected, can a democratic state survive. Mosca therefore reminds the ruling class that it has not only interests but also obligations; and he asks the masses to remember their opportunities when chafing at their limitations.

Mosca feared that the search for perfection would destroy the good and increase evil but he forgot that good and evil alike result from the search for perfection.

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SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 259)

O. NASH:
I'M A STRANGER HERE MYSELF

Sometimes it's difficult, isn't it, not to
grow grim and rancorous
Because man's fate is so counter-clockwise
and cantankerous.

. . . . . .

O universe perverse, why and whence your
perverseness?
Why do you not teem with betterness instead
of worseness?

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The New Books

Biography

ANTHONY EDEN. A Biography. By Alan Campbell Johnson. Washburn. 1939. $3.

The biography of a living statesman—especially of a young and active statesman—is never entirely satisfying, for it is the essence of politics that his innermost thoughts and motives should remain obscure. Mr. Eden, a young and active statesman who arouses enthusiasm and curiosity on both sides of the Atlantic, is here portrayed in 350 pages and sixteen excellent photographs that describe his actions but rarely reveal his thoughts and motives. His biographer, a publicist and politician under thirty years of age, writes with accuracy, thoroughness, and an admiration verging on hero-worship. The American reader will be particularly interested in the early chapters showing the importance of family background and connections in British politics, and in the many descriptions of parliamentary debates and cabinet intrigues.

Despite his comprehensive study of Mr. Eden's career, the author never really answers the questions which the British electorate is asking every day. Is this undeniably gracious and charming gentleman the new Pitt who will restore British power and prestige in the face of a European dictator? Mr. Johnson, like many other writers, does not explain why the handsome Foreign Secretary failed to obtain the oil sanction against Italy in 1936, why he acquiesced in Germany's violation of the Locarno treaties, and why he participated so long in the non-intervention farce regarding Spain. At a time when our government is advocating support of Britain and France, we—like the British public — should like to know whether Anthony Eden really differs in objectives and methods from the Conservatives now in office.

J. F. G.

Fiction

INN OF THAT JOURNEY. By Emerson Price. Caxton. 1939. $2.50.

Any book about a midwestern town must measure itself against the long tradition established by Gopher Prairie, Zenith, Spoon River, and Winesburg. To say, then, that the current Scatterfield, Ohio, seems thin and pale by comparison does not necessarily condemn the novel. Obviously Mr. Price has written his story with meticulous devotion, yet, just as obviously, he has failed to evoke sustained interest in his characters.

Mark Cullen's birth and babyhood are merely focal points toward which the author can direct some excellent but ambiguous writing. It isn't until the Cullen family moves to Scatterfield that the boy's characterization becomes genuinely absorbing. Here Mark associates with a gang led by Soap Dodger Pendleton, the town's Huck Finn.

The gang's influence, that of the town, of the school, of his parents—all working to possess Mark's soul—form the theme and substance of Mr. Price's work. He is best at delineating the town itself and the conflict between squalor and beauty going on within the boy.

Finally the Cullens move again so that Mark can secure a better education than Scatterfield has to offer. There the novel could logically end. But another section carries three of the old gang to violent deaths in the war, in suicide, and in the electric chair.

Why minor characters are rounded out and Mark's destiny left a question cannot be easily understood. Presumably it is because Mark's story ends when the town ceases to influence him. But the conclusion is the most unsatisfactory part of a book which, minus its slow start and finish, could be a thoroughly authentic chronicle of midwestern childhood.

R. W.

TRYST. By Elswyth Thane. Harcourt, Brace. 1939. $2.50.

Miss Thane has written a convincing little fantasy containing a great deal of charm and pathos. It centers about the yearning imagination of a young girl whose father has rented one of those forbidding English country houses which, like all its prototypes, has a room that is supposed to be kept inviolate.

The girl, conspiring with a friendly

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housekeeper, quickly makes the room her private sanctum, dreams happily of its former tenant whose picture stares from the dresser. It is the photograph of a handsome man in his early thirties. She discovers his name from the tailor's labels in his suits still hanging in the closet.

Almost at the moment when the girl takes possession of the room, its owner is killed in an airplane accident in India. Miss Thane brings back his ghost, and her heroine begins to communicate regularly with the returning spirit. Out of this situation the author proceeds to a narrative touching in its tender nuances. It is filled with humor and bitterness, and its unpretentious character puts no strain on the reader's credulity.

R. S.

HOPE OF LIVING. By J. Hyatt Downing. Putnams. 1939. $2.50.

In "A Prayer for Tomorrow," his first novel of South Dakota life, Hyatt Downing told how the toughness of the land defeated the homesteaders who tried to discipline it to the purposes of agriculture. In his new book, he tells us how one homesteader succeeded in a strenuous struggle by working "with Dakota instead of against her."

The central character is a woman, Anna Walrod, whose delicacy of temperament would seem to mark her for suffering and surrender, but whose creative vigor helps her to find success. By adapting herself to the conditions of her environment she is able to become, in the course of a well-chronicled campaign, a triumphant raiser of stock and a substantial figure in her community.

The success is all her own. She is handicapped in the beginning not merely by her own inexperience but also by the fact that she is married to a loutish husband, so devoid of ambition that he would rather work as hired man for a neighbor than employ creative imagination toward the solution of his personal problems. A sense of responsibility is further wakened in Anna by the hopelessness of the situation in which she sees others.

Several other stories get entwined with that of Anna's resolution. An unfrocked minister is garrulously blasphemous and persistently predatory until Anna's lover finds it necessary to kill him. This episode and one or two others lead Mr. Downing into the bypaths of melodrama but fortunately do not detain him long.

It is the story of Anna's unyielding resolution that is interesting and Mr. Downing has told it well.

J. G.

NORTHERN SUNRISE. By Haakon Mahrt. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1939. $2.50.

This is a waking nightmare of the long polar night, when fear is intensified unbearably and the need for light becomes a lust, when Radio Operator Mathieson of this novel seeks some surety to cling to in the dark lest he go mad. He had cheated at cards and friendship and had cheated with his friend's wife later, and felt therefore responsible for his death, which was probably suicide, when they flew the mail plane through a storm in the Arctic Circle.

Mathieson's life thereafter was an attempt to escape the memory of his fellow aviator. Remaining at the island village to convalesce, he met Ellinor, another exile, and together they faced the horror of the six months' night while he sought to repudiate their love because he must cheat always; he dared not win.

The motives of Mathieson's reasoning and action are not always credible; they seem simply perverse at times, a deliberate masochism which is needless to his development. But this is otherwise a compelling minor novel, written with telegraphic concision and yet with beauty to describe that outlandish island of ice and darkness and staggering men.

H. D.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CAD. By A. G. Macdonell. Harpers. 1939. $2.50.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Macdonell is a master of the satiric method. For he has not only made the subject of this first-person narrative an obnoxious character in himself; he has used him to spotlight some of the more unworthy characteristics of a cross section of British society which at one time had considerable influence in shaping a political and social philosophy.

The narrative consists of a blithe and supercilious recital of a career of oppression, deceit, egotism, and immorality. For nearly one-third of the book it is vastly amusing, ingenious, and skillful. In the remaining two-thirds, Mr. Macdonell tends toward repetitiousness. The yellow indecencies of his hero become hard to stomach, and the originality of the conception loses some of its savor. In other words, as long as the character remains a cad he remains palatable. It is only when he develops into a first class heel that you want to throw his "autobiography" at him.

R. S.

Miscellaneous

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN. By Horace C. Levinson. Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. $2.50.

Mr. Levinson would appear to have a legitimate kick at the publishers who have decorated the jacket of his book with a galloping horse and a pair of galloping dominoes and given it a title that indicates it is a gamblers' *vade mecum.* It is that, to be sure, but only in the sense that we live in a universe of disorder where we are all willy-nilly gamblers on the chance (for example) of being struck tomorrow by a falling airplane or a snowstorm of hundred-dollar bills falling from an airplane. The book is really one of those popularizations of scientific subjects which have appeared recently in considerable numbers — "Mathematics for the Million" is its nearest relative—and possesses most of the virtues such a work should have; clarity, patience with the ignorant, thoroughness, and an amiable conversational style. If you wish to reckon the mathematical chances of success in business, war, love, or baseball, this will tell you how.

F. P.

THE LAST OF THE SERIS. By Dane Coolidge and Mary Roberts Coolidge. Dutton. 1938. $2.50.

This book describes a primitive, rapidly vanishing tribe of Indians in northern Mexico with the vividness and freshness we have come to associate with the Coolidges' work. The people, their way of life, their beliefs, and their songs are set out in a thoroughly entertaining manner. The result is a work all the pleasanter for its lack of attempt at science. The Coolidges have a hearty contempt for formal anthropology which serves them in good stead, although when they in their turn come to theorize their naiveté is faintly irritating.

O. La F.

ON THE FRONTIER. By W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. Random House. 1939. $1.75.

A melodrama in three acts, this is the third play of the Auden-Isherwood collaboration. Its tone is ironic, and its subject matter political. It is Europe today, and what could be England and America tomorrow. Although the authors do not wish the Leader, for example, to resemble any one of the dictators, the inspiration for several scenes—the idea of racial purity, a controlled art, a controlled press, economic self-sufficiency, and appalling living conditions—is obviously based on events in Nazi Germany.

The characters, unlike the characters in the average play, are class types; and our interest in them arises from their attempt at an adjustment to the larger political conditions. They have but one aim—power to the point where they

(Continued on page 22)

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

M. K. showed us a quotation, "Without books God is silent," ascribed to Thomas V. Bartholin. Who was this? Was it the Danish anatomist and gland-explorer of the 17th century? ☞It is odd that in all the recent tohubohu about the D.A.R. no one has thought to reprint Grant Wood's gorgeous painting, *Daughters of the Revolution,* which threw them into fits some years ago. ☞Old Q. is obliquely reminded of a dreadful thing he heard of lately. In a peaceful hotel in the West 40's, whose name is that of a well known mathematician, a number of ladies of innocently earnest and righteous mien were gathered at a lunch table. It was evidently a cultural klatsch or perhaps someone's 25th wedding jubilee. ☞Well snugged in all their gear, and tilted hats bobbing with colloquy, they were superbly the types specialized by a talented *New Yorker* artist. ☞So much so that a passer-by could not resist: he tipped a waiter to go into the room and announce to madam president an urgent message:—"Love and kisses from Helen Hokinson." ☞Among a good many odd things we have seen lately were some of Mark Twain's letters about his law-suit with John Wanamaker of Philadelphia.

News on Baker Street

☞It is good news that Mr. Vincent Starrett has accepted the editorship of the volume *221 B,* being some transactions of the Baker Street Irregulars, and is preparing the copy for publication. ☞This year, as noted before, is the 50th anniversary of the first publication of Sherlock Holmes in this country. ☞It was the late Joseph M. Stoddart, the brilliant managing editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* in the 80's and 90's, who got Conan Doyle, Oscar Wilde, Kipling, Amelie Rives, James Lane Allen, Julian Hawthorne, John Habberton and many others for his magazine. ☞Stoddart (1845-1920 were, we believe, his "dates") was a lively fellow. He began at Lippincott's as a youngster; had some soldier experience in the Civil War; then started a subscription book business of his own which included such ventures as Max Adeler's *Out of the Hurly Burly* (illustrated by a young artist named A. B. Frost) and T. S. Arthur's *Ten Nights in a Bar Room.* ☞He leased a theatre and produced Gilbert & Sullivan. ☞He published the famous American reprint of the 9th edition *Encyclopædia Britannica.* ☞He brought Oscar Wilde over here for a lecture tour. ☞He invented new magazines every few years.

☞We are guilelessly pleased by a letter from a lady in North Carolina who says her family always refer to the S.R.L. as the Leg, because that's what she'd rather lose than miss one issue. ☞A pleasant coincidence was that while talking about Kipling's soldier stories (with an editor in a bar on 47 Street) past the window went a truck with the name *Tommy Atkins* on it. ☞This was sufficiently surprising; more so was to see the same truck (or one just like it) a few hours later, the same day, at Penn Station.

☞Among excellent enterprises is that of the committee raising money to put up a new building for the Community Church ("which knows not sect, class, nation or race") of which John Haynes Holmes has been minister now for 32 years. ☞If we remember correctly, the fire that partly destroyed the former edifice (Park Avenue and 34th Street) started during a centennial service in memory of Walt Whitman, in 1919. ☞Men and women of some 40 different nationalities belong to Mr. Holmes's congregation. This is the kind of church the world needs. ☞At the birthday dinner given John Haynes Holmes last autumn messages arrived, among many others, from Einstein, Gandhi, Herbert Lehman and Helen Keller. ☞Those interested will be glad to know the address of the Community Church committee, 51 East 42 St., N. Y. City, Peter Grimm chairman.

☞Old Q., impoverished for space, can only print very brief poems, but is glad to comply with C. G.'s request for the Toast written a good many years ago by an old friend and skilful benefactor, the lyrical surgeon Jim Burgess, D.D.S.:—

Here's to man, the cooing dove,
The faithful slave, the doting sire—
Who sacrifices all for Love—
Let him tell it, the G. d. liar!

JAMES KENDALL BURGESS.

☞The distinguished English artist A. Hugh Fisher tells a good tale of some embarrassments at New Haven ten or twelve

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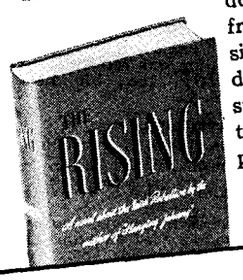

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years ago. "The Great John Trumbull Bequest," he says, "was left to Yale *on condition* that it should be always housed in a building immediately over the body of John Trumbull himself. This was done but in later years when the new museum was built and the collection removed into it and the former museum turned to use as the Art School, it was necessary to dig up the remains of John Trumbull. The trouble was to find exactly *where* he had been buried. They were ploughing up the campus all round the building for days and finally found the coffin somewhere under one corner of the walls.

"As they were carrying the very decrepit coffin from one building to the other and had got halfway across, the bottom fell out and out came John Trumbull! Of course there was great consternation but the janitor of the school, a crabby old fellow named Enos, had a bright idea. He rushed out with a dustpan and broom and swept John Trumbull back into the coffin, which was turned upside down for the purpose, and the removal proceeded satisfactorily."

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 20)

have an absolute control over mankind. "On the Frontier" fulfills more definitely and more effectively what was only tentative in the earlier plays of Auden and Isherwood. They have discarded theatrical effects which, though amusing, were clearly the marks of clever tyros, not of experienced dramatists, and which, as a result, marred the basic unity of conception. Through greater concentration on the immediate problem they not only have heightened the dramatic suspense, but have given greater depth to their treatment of the subject.

J. G. S.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ART. By Robert Morris Ogden. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $2.50.

In this short book, complete with illustrations and index, the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Cornell University takes an inside view of the arts. In the beginning he devotes a section to the mechanisms of human behavior which determine to what extent and in what ways the organism uses esthetic elements in the process of adjustment to the environment. He gives the major part of his attention, however, to the basic structures, techniques, and rhythms in art; for example, the nature of scales and harmony in music, rhyme schemes and literary forms in poetry, color and geometric design in the visual arts, and the relation of education to dancing in eurythmics. As a treatment of these technical aspects of art the book fulfills the requirements of a competent text.

R. B.

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		1-D	2-E	3-B	4-X	5-V	6-W	7-P	8-S	9-A	10-M	11-N	12-R		13-C	14-L	15-U
	16-S	17-I	18-E	19-M	20-N	21-D		22-U	23-K	24-F		25-B	26-E	27-Q	28-N	29-V	30-J
31-K	32-W	33-X	34-M		35-A	36-N	37-I	38-Y	39-V	40-R	41-M	42-P	43-S	44-W	45-K	46-U	47-Q
	48-D	49-E	50-R	51-J	52-V		53-C	54-Q	55-S		56-F	57-Q	58-W		59-C	60-J	61-H
	62-X	63-H		64-H	65-L	66-T		67-K	68-F	69-Q		70-G	71-V	72-I	73-P	74-W	75-O
76-K	77-A		78-H	79-S	80-Q		81-W	82-Q	83-P	84-M	85-U	86-R	87-E	88-O	89-I		90-D
91-N	92-X	93-V	94-O	95-A	96-S	97-Y	98-Q		99-K	100-W	101-E	102-M	103-I	104-H		105-I	106-R
107-V	108-A	109-H	110-X	111-J	112-O		113-H	114-Y	115-E	116-F	117-J		118-N	119-J	120-G	121-L	122-E
123-P	124-T		125-C	126-P	127-Q		128-C	129-L		130-U	131-C	132-J		133-B	134-O	135-E	
136-T	137-L	138-F		139-I	140-S	141-R	142-M	143-X	144-P	145-Y	146-N	147-A		148-B	149-H	150-O	
151-I	152-R	153-X	154-W	155-T	156-K	157-Q	158-G		159-F	160-I	161-T		162-O	163-Q	164-F	165-V	
166-U	167-Y	168-G	169-K	170-D		171-U	172-P		175-L	174-W	175-K	176-O	177-R		178-M	179-S	180-F
181-K		182-W	183-D	184-P	185-I	186-M											

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Ankle.

B. "Ox-eyed" goddess (Gr.).

C. Sect of Mohammedan purists.

D. Feverish, filled with excitement.

E. Railed bitterly.

F. Savage.

G. Sharpened.

H. House sparrow (comp.).

I. Not fully prepared (colloq., comp.).

J. Flux and reflux.

K. Compromise in religion or philosophy.

L. Alaskan codfish.

M. Extended beyond.

N. Highly seasoned meat stews.

O. Forestalled; anticipated.

P. Scottish Highland city.

Q. Gelatin pudding containing chestnuts.

R. English poet and author (1859-1907).

S. Another name for Esther.

T. Ebb and flow.

U. Giving a vague, misty appearance (painting) (It.).

V. Inclination; drift.

W. Bizarre; uncouth.

X. Reunion with Brahma (Hindu).

Y. God in Book of Job.

WORDS

108	35	77	95	9	147				
148	133	3	25						
13	53	131	125	59	128				
170	21	1	48	183	90				
49	101	18	2	122	26	87	115	135	
159	68	138	164	180	56	116	24		
120	158	27	168	70					
63	64	109	61	104	78	149	113		
160	17	37	72	151	103	105	139	185	89
132	60	117	51	119	111	30			
169	181	23	99	45	76	67	175	31	156
173	65	121	137	129	14				
41	84	178	10	19	102	142	34	186	
28	91	20	146	11	36	118			
150	88	162	94	134	176	112	75		
83	126	184	73	144	172	123	42	7	
54	157	98	47	69	57	82	80	127	163
40	177	106	50	86	12	152	141		
179	140	55	43	96	16	8	79		
161	66	136	155	124					
15	166	46	85	22	130	171			
5	29	39	52	71	107	93	165		
6	44	81	182	100	74	58	32	154	174
153	62	92	33	4	110	143			
97	167	145	38	114					

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